

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



Lone Fisherman—Strange there ain't no mackerel in the bay. I wouldn't bet there's one of them swordfish—



around, shiver me timbers!



So, ho, you're the lad that's been driven 'em off, eh? Well—



I'll fix you and maybe—



The'll be somethin' doin' in the spackeral line agin.



FIND IMPORTANT PERSONAGE.

A long, long ago
A fair English maid
Was granted a crown,
Don'tcher-know?

And one who assisted
In matters of state
Is hid in this picture,
I trow.

KEEPING AHEAD.

In a little village on Long Island numbering about 200 inhabitants I came upon a one-story frame building hardly larger than a dog-house, and yet it bore signs reading:

"Banking and safe deposit vaults. Estates cared for. Orphans taken in charge. Investments made for adults and minors. Bonds bought and sold. Wills drawn, filed and probated. Widows a specialty. Penstons secured. All law business promptly attended to. Affidavits drawn. Gold mines, ranches, farms, houses and lots and vacant property bought and sold. Interest allowed on deposits. Horses bought and sold. Steamship and railroad ticket office. Fire and life insurance."

Inside the little office was a common-looking man, who was smoking a clay pipe and had his feet on the desk, and I said to him:

"Are all these signs a joke?"

"Not much," he replied. "I've been the biggest man in this town for 10 years, and they can't down me. They

are going to have a singing-school master here this fall, and I'm getting ready to



"I've been the biggest man in this town for ten years."

show him that he won't amount to small potatoes when he arrives." JOE KERR.



Miss Caustique—Kidnapping is a crime that they punish very heavily in this state.
Cholly Youngley—What of that?
Miss Caustique—If I married you your relatives may cause trouble.

HAD TO GIVE IT UP.

"I was with one house and traveling over the same route for 17 years," said the New York drummer. "On my very first trip over the route I called on a merchant in a Pennsylvania town, or at least tried to. He refused to see me, but as I am a persistent cuss I put it down in my book that I was to call on every trip until I got sight of him. I got to his town four times a year, and four times a year I made inquiry for him. Sometimes I was told he was out, or in the East, or ill and in bed, and though I knew better I went away smiling. Four times a year for 14 years I dropped into the store and asked the usual question and was one day informed that the merchant was dead. I had hung to him for a long time, but he had beaten me at last."

"And did things stop there?" was asked.

"Yes. You can't pursue a man beyond the grave, can you?"

"Of course not, but I'm disappointed in you. If you were a drummer worth the powder to blow you up you would have married his widow and stepped into a good thing. Say, you New York fellows are hustlers in some things, but when it

comes right down to a rent old banana you ain't in it. Pursued a man for 14 long years and then didn't marry his

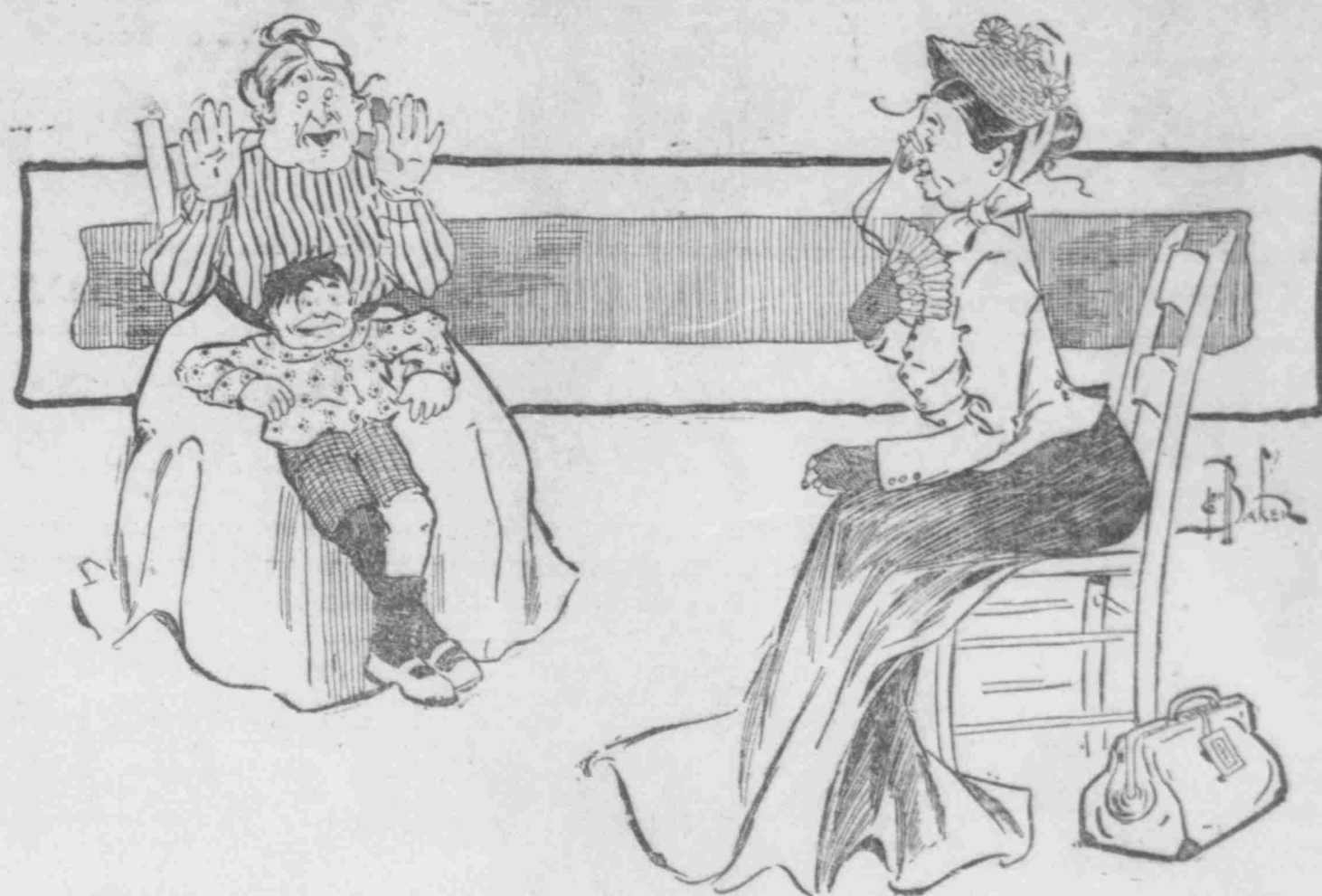


When ever I arrive.

widow! Um! Some queer people come out of that town on the Hudson." JOE KERR.



Woman's favorite weapon is a tear.
He—Yes; even the Eskimo women are addicted to blubber.



GAVE MAMMA AWAY.

The Caller—One's teeth require so much looking after.
The Small Boy—That's so. Mamma lost her lower set yesterday, and it took us an hour to find 'em.



NO WONDER.

Daisy—Mr. Knowsley is a delightful conversationalist.
Maisy—What did he talk about?
Daisy—Me.

A MIND RELIEVED.

A couple of men, one of whom had just returned from Panama, were talking about things on the isthmus when a passenger on the boat behind butted in with:

"Gentlemen, I have heard you talking about Panama and the fever. Do you think it possible for one to contract yellow fever from a straw hat?"

"Let's see your hat?" replied one.



The passenger on the seat behind butted in.

It was passed over and inspected, and the gentleman said:

"That Panama hat will never give you the yellow fever."

"You think not?"

"I am sure of it. If you had looked at the band yourself you would have seen that it was made in Danbury."

"Thanks. Thanks. I haven't had anything relieve my mind so much for a year past. Yes, it's a Danbury Panama hat and cost \$1.50, and I am drawn back from the grave, as it were. If either of you know of any place around here where they sell buttermilk—"

But they shook their heads in a sad, solemn way.

JOE KERR.

A LITTLE BIT.

"Any news down my way?" repeated the farmer as he stopped his team and bit a chew off his plug. "Wall, I kin give ye a little bit, I guess. It hain't earthquakes nor cyclones, but it does purty well for our place."

"Well?" queried the tollgate man.

"Wall, the news is that Jim Williams' wife's canary bird got out of the cage the other day, and she had to chase it more'n two hours to get it back."

"That isn't much news."

"Nope, I 'spose not; but I was savin' the best for the last."

"And what is it?"

"Why, a tin peddler come along and bet Joe Harkins that he could outjump him, and Joe held his breath and jumped seven feet and won the bet, and it's already settled that we are to run him for the legislature next fall."

TO AVOID SUNSTROKE.

Patn your winter overcoat, so as not to be tempted to wear it when the thermometer marks 96 in the shade. Don't worry about anything, least of all your debts.

If you owe anybody a licking put it off to October.

People have been known to be sun-struck in church. Therefore, run no unnecessary risks.

Keep clear of soda water, root beer and all such things—unless the other fellow pays for them.

Don't take advantage of a hot day to ask an alderman how he made \$10,000 a year on a salary of \$2,000.



Patn your winter coat.

Don't look for anything cooler than a man asking you to lend him \$25 to get married on.

Don't trade horses, talk politics, discuss Biblical questions, fall in love, play poker or start proceedings for a divorce.

Simply keep cool. It isn't hot. It's only the effect of imagination.

JOE KERR.



She—What was the most enjoyable thing you did while you were away?
He—Getting on the train to come home.

Mr. Wiles—If you would improve your mind, associate only with people who know more than you do.

Miss Smart—But if they follow the same rule, what are we to do?

Visitor—This village is so very quiet. Native—Gosh, stranger, if ye're lookin' for excitement, jest go down to the store an' see em play checkers at night!



HAD SEEN 'EM.

Prospective Employer—Yes, I want an office boy; but he must be polite, quick, honest, brave, clean, mustn't smoke, mustn't curse—
Applicant—Say, mister, you want one of dese boy/heroes dat's in de melo-dramas.